

*Modest* ENQUIRY,

ADDRESSED

To the Bishop

OF

CLOYNE.



Dublin : Printed in the Year, 1736.

A

Alphabetical ENQUIRY,

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*Modest Enquiry; &c.*

**T**O judge, *my Lord*, from what you've writ,  
You really seem a Man of wit;  
Perhaps the Compliment is rough,  
A BISHOP spurns such idle Stuff,  
Offended with familiar Strains,  
That twitch a careless Poets Brains;  
Yet think the Compliment unmade,  
If you're like many of your Trade:



If high Promotion damp your flight,  
 And make you listless when you write,  
 If vile *Ambition* can controul  
 The genuine lustre of your Soul,  
 Learning to *Laziness* submit,  
 Or formal *Pride* extirpate Wit;  
 But confident your Merits run  
 In the same tenour they begun.  
 I beg you will unfold a Text,  
 Which labours in a Brain perplex;  
 With patience hear a Novice speak,  
 And condescend to help the *Weak*.

Explain, *my Lord*, why should *St. John*,  
 Define the Road to Heav'n. *but one*?  
 And that so *narrow* and *uneven*?  
 It cannot be the Road to Heaven;  
 For *Levites* certainly go there,  
 And yet by various Roads repair;  
 Some go on Foot, some Coach, some Horse,  
 Some go by *Walpole*, some by *Dorset*:



Some by the Queen's-Road, some the King's,  
 Some creep like Snails, some fly on Wings,  
 While some *the narrow Path* pursue,  
 Believe St. *John*, and follow you :  
 Besides, *my Lord*, a narrow Road,  
 Would ne'er contain so vast a load ;  
 Would it not look extremely odd,  
 To see a Bishop squeez'd and trod ?  
 To see inferiour Parsons mix,  
 And juggle with his Coach and Six.

Consider too, what Man alive,  
 On such a Road, a Coach could drive ?  
 To Court, what Bishop can approach ?  
 Much less to Heav'n, without a Coach !  
 They love to jog an easy rate,  
 To Travel slow, and March in State ;  
 Especially when strip'd of Pow'r,  
 They travel to their final Hour ;  
 They take their Journey with delay,  
 And love to loiter on the way :

Encline to bate at ev'ry Inn,  
 And sink beneath a load of Sin;  
 Nay, so excessive is the Load,  
 'Tis certainly a *Turn-Pike-Road*,  
 Whose smoothness must befriend their pace,  
 Or they would never reach the Place.

*My Lord*, when I Address to you,  
 I've no malicious Ends in view,  
 With innate Gall, perverse to rail at  
 The awful Office of a Prelate;  
 For 'spight of *Malice-Calvinistick*,  
 The Thing is *Solemn, Sound, and Mystick*;  
 And we have *Bishops*, even here,  
 To holy Saints, approaching near:  
 But why should Saints, like *Mills and Brown*,  
 Be jumbled with *Kilmore and Down*?  
 To free the *righteous Men* from stain,  
 Expose the *hypocritical Train*.

For is it decent to behold  
 Such *Levites* enter on their Fold?



To Hear them after ev'ry Trick  
 They practis'd for a Bishoprick?  
 GOD's sacred House, so very meek in,  
 Protest, It was not of their seeking.  
 Whose Conscience would the thing not shock,  
 To set such Wolves o'er JESUS Flock!  
 The Brethren, who have twice their Sense,  
 Stand by, and take a just Defence.

*Apicius*, when you fill his Plate,  
 Protests, He can no longer eat;  
 Has left no room, eat so much Mutton,  
 Cramm'd to the Throat, and must unbutton.  
 Yet still proceeds upon the Tarts,  
 The Children curse him from their Hearts.

Not *Misers* to their Shillings run;  
 Not *Prodigals* to be undone;  
 Not *Gossips* to first cut of Cheese,  
 Not *Lawyers* to receive their Fees;  
 Not *Pope* from Persecuting Riff Raff,  
 Not *Wellsted* from pursuing Tip-staff;  
 Not *Doctors* e'er the Patient die,  
 With as much haste and vigour fly.

As

As Modern Clergymen to fawn,  
 For ill-got Wealth, and dear-bought Lawn,  
 So very eager they pursue it,  
 And prostitute Religion to it;  
 While ev'ry *Levite* leaves his Charge,  
 To hunt it in the World at large,

But tell me, you who soar on High,  
 Who read the Secrets of the Sky,  
*How will such wand'ring Souls entreat*  
*An Entrance at the heavenly Gate?*  
*Will bowing low Absolve their Sin,*  
*And Peter rise to let Them in?*  
*Will he be civil as the Guard*  
*That waits without in the Court-Yard?*  
*And bid the Rabble that approach,*  
*Fall back there—for his Lordship's Coach?*

Suppose a Bishop of this sort,  
 Summon'd before a rigid Court,  
 Summon'd to the tremendous Throne,  
 To make his Life and Conduct known;  
 Will it avail him there to Plead,  
 (That while his Clergy wanted Bread)



He heard them Knock, but barr'd his Door,  
 And us'd Them as he would the POOR;  
 Or while he cropt his Church's Fleece,  
 Was charitable to his Niece?  
 For others wrote his \* Fishing-Book,  
 Fishing himself with golden-Hook:  
 As Peter fish'd with Nets and Rods,  
 So he, with Guineas, caught his Cods;  
 A Prophet must for Honour roam,  
 So he resolves to leave his Home,  
 He would not o'er the Gospel trample;  
 But by the Apostles took example;  
 Yet They, too zealous for the Church,  
 Left their own Kindred in the lurch.  
 From this corrupted Text we break,  
 And rectify the grand Mistake;  
 Leave Sam and Daughter, in good rank,  
 And do exceeding well by Frank.

What think you, Berkley, will such Pleas  
 Excuse Them on that dreadful Day?  
 Will earth'y Friends sufficient be,  
 To nominate Them to their SEE?

\* Bpp. Down.

'Tis

'Tis true: a Monarch has the Pow'r,  
 To Mitre ten in half an Hour;  
 But is it to a Monarch giv'n,  
 To place One out of Ten in Heav'n?  
 For how that Vice should keep her Court,  
 Where ev'ry Virtue should resort!  
 How dire Ambition e'er should find  
 To sit with lowliness of Mind!  
 How blushing Modesty should grow  
 To Impudence, her greatest Foe!  
 How Charity should barr the Door  
 With Avarice, against the POOR!  
 Are Things most Knotty to debate on,  
 And only known to such as—

F I N I S.



